

Differences

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Category: X-Men
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-02-05 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-02-05 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 10:17:26
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 842
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A new twist on the hating mutants theme.

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I hate her so much.

Don't look at me like that. You wouldn't understand.

I said don't look at me like that! Who're you to judge me?

Yeah, I hate her. So what? So what if I hate my own sister? Just because we're of the same blood and the same parents doesn't mean I can't hate her. There's no legal binding contract that states I have to oh-so-gushing-with-sugary-affection love my sister. You can't sue me because I despise her. You can't put me behind bars for not wanting her. Don't tell me what I should feel. I *know* what I feel, and it's that I - HATE - her.

Why?

Don't give me that look. Don't give me that patient-mask-disguising-the-loathing-you-feel-towards-me look. I told you you wouldn't understand.

So make me, you say?

You think you know everything, don't you?

Just because we're sisters, just because we're twins, *identical twins,* doesn't mean I should love her. That I should adore her. That I should be all chummy with her, just because we're of the same egg, the same womb, the same looks, the same date of birth. Well I'm

not, dammit, I'm not! To hell with bloodties! Appearances don't mean a thing! So what if we look alike? We're not the same, we never will be. Why not? Because she has that stupid quirk in her DNA system, she's a friggin' *mutie!* That's why not!

I said stop *looking* at me that way!

We look alike, we talk alike, but we're *not* alike, get that into your head!

I don't need to read minds. I know what you're thinking. You think I hate her because she's a mutie.

Yeah, so what if I do? She's a mutie. She's a telepath, she reads minds. Not just humans, even friggin' animals like cats and dogs, she can read their emotions.

What's so bad about that, you ask?

Oh *nothing's* wrong with that. Absolutely *nothing.* After all, thanks to her powers, teachers can't catch any of us passing notes in class. She just links all of us up with some psychic bond so that we can joke to each other telepathically, and the teachers would never even know. She helps out at the local community center so that deaf kids can learn how to speak better. Little Miss Perfect, she wants to become a vet, because her powers would let her find out what's wrong with her animal patients. She wants to be so sugary sweet and *help* them.

Yeah, I hate her.

She always was the perfect one. The "look at me, I'm so smart!" twin. *She* always had to get the attention. Even when she was a kid, her childhood drawings attracted attention from art critics who claimed her to be a budding prodigy. *She* had to be the overachiever. When we started ballet at age 8, *she* had to be the more flexible one, the one who could leap and twirl and spin far better than I could. *She* had to get our parents' attention, with all her wants and her needs. It's always about her. *Always* about her!

She always had to be so damn cheerful, flashing that smile and making other people love her first. Making people notice her, asking each other, "Who is that girl?" Making people want to know her better. Me, *I* had to live in her shadow, fending off "Oh, you're her twin!" remarks. And when you live in a friggin' tiny hick town like ours, where everyone knows everyone, that label sticks. I'm forever her twin, till the day that I die.

Although I wish it was her that would die.

Dammit, I said stop *looking* at me like that!

She was always so happy, so friendly, so popular, so *wanted.* Then she got her powers.

Oh joy, how wonderful. *She* had to be the one who became the mutant! *She* had to be special! *She* had to be one of the few mutants in our peaceful little town, and *she* had to be loved because of it! You think they showered her with attention before her powers? Dammit, the dam burst and overflowed *after* her powers! Now she became

special, everyone had to treat her with such care and respect and understanding and consideration for her "special status". They liked her even more. Grown-ups called her a sweet thing. The kids in school thought she was cool. Because she was a *mutant.* A goddamned mutant. They loved her.

I didn't. I never would. I never will.

Because I hate her.

You wouldn't understand.

I hate her because she's a mutant.

And I hate me because I'm not.

End

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